

'Peri, come here at once!' The Doctor's angry voice echoed through the corridors of the TARDIS. Peri hurriedly finished toweling herself down after her bath and reached for her panties. She knew that tone, knew it gave her no time to waste, and guessed she'd need her bottom well protected when the Doctor caught up with her. She slid the white panties up her thighs and snapped them into place, then picked up the miniskirt she had picked out to wear. A glance at the brief, pleated hemline made the decision for her: not practical in the current situation, she thought, and grabbed her blue shorts.

'I'm waiting, young lady,' yelled the Doctor. As she knotted her blouse, Peri couldn't resist pausing to check whether her purchase had made any difference. The market trader on Cthontis III had been most persuasive: 'Just pour into a hot bath, missy, and soon you will enjoy a beautiful, translucent complexion.' She turned to the mirror and gasped: before her eyes, her face was dissolving into the air, and in only a moment there was nothing left but a collar and shoulders. Peri lifted her arm to inspect it and saw that it too had disappeared. Well, she couldn't deny it was translucent. Her whole body was gone: she was looking right through it! Down through the waist of her shorts she could see the seat of her panties inside, with two round concave impressions in the white cotton fabric framed with blue. I always wondered if my buns looked big in this, she thought irrelevantly, before a furious noise startled her from her reverie.

'Peri, I'm going to count to ten. If you're not in the console room when I'm finished, you're in *big* trouble!' Unthinkingly she made a dash for the door: she knew what 'big trouble' meant and didn't want to risk anything worse than she was already in for. But then another thought struck her. Maybe she could turn this situation to her advantage. She fumbled with the knot in her blouse with one hand and unzipped her shorts with the other as the Doctor's voice boomed out 'Four!'

'... Nine! Ten! Right, my girl, I'm coming to get you, and after I've finished with you, you'll be eating off the TARDIS mantelpiece for a week!' Rolling up his sleeve and picking his way across a floor scattered with debris from electronic gadgets to half-eaten apples, he strode purposefully to the door.

Behind him Peri's voice piped up: 'But, Doctor, I'm already here. I've been here all the time!'

He span round, his garish frock coat a smear of whirling color under the

console room lights. His eyes narrowed. 'Come out from behind the console, then, young lady. I've got a bone to pick with you!'

'I'm not behind the console, Doctor. I'm right in front of you.' She touched him on the nose to prove her point, and he flinched at the unexpected contact. 'I've become invisible!' she declared happily.

The Doctor frowned. 'Now how could that have happened? Don't tell me it's the Celestial Toymaker up to his old tricks,' he said. 'Or some astral influence from the planet Mira...' He paused as another aspect of the problem crossed his mind. 'You don't sound too concerned about it,' he remarked.

'Oh, I know what happened. It was a beauty treatment I bought in the market while you were refueling the TARDIS. I must have used too much of it.'

'And would you mind telling me how you paid for your purchase? Travelers' checks? American Express?'

'Oh no, Doctor, I paid cash...'

'... using the two thousand corpyra note that just happens to be missing from my pocket,' he finished.

'I was going to pay you back,' stuttered Peri. 'You can't just leave a girl in the market like that and expect her not to buy anything.'

'You do realize I had to pay for the fuel by bartering my waistcoat,' he said.

'Good riddance,' said Peri under her breath.

'I heard that!' he snarled. 'Not only did I lose a noble part of my wardrobe, it was very embarrassing to boot. I thought at first I must have left the cash in one of my other coats. I spent ages turning out my pockets while you were in the bath.'

'So I see,' said Peri, surveying the strewn floor.

'You have to learn to ask before you take things,' he admonished, wagging a

finger.

'You're just like Howard, Doctor: nag, nag, nag!'

His voice hardened. 'And you're a spoilt brat who deserves exactly what's coming to her.'

'I don't think so, Doctor. You have to catch me first, and you won't find that so easy now you can't see me. I think you've spanked me for the last time!' She put out her tongue and, realizing the Doctor couldn't see, reinforced her point by giving him a well-aimed kick in the behind.

'We'll see about that,' said the Doctor, snatching at the empty air. With Peri's laughter echoing in his ears, he crossed to the console and began to program a flight path. 'A little trip to the planet Ciannis Bianca should settle this.' His irritation showed as he jabbed at the buttons. 'And when I'm done with you, you'll be very, very sorry, I promise you that.'

'Promises, promises, Doctor,' said Peri cheekily as the TARDIS began to wheeze and groan into existence at its programmed destination.

From the rack the Doctor selected an enormous white fur coat, and activated the door control. 'After you,' he said, and followed her gentle footsteps to the doors and out into the snowy wastes of Ciannis Bianca.

He shivered slightly in the cold as he locked the TARDIS behind him, then held up the fur coat. 'Let's see how long you can last out here before you need this. And once you've put it on, we can go in out of the cold, and you can have a jolly good bottom-warming.'

The only reply was the sound of the blizzard. 'If you prefer to sulk, we can do this the hard way,' he said. 'I'll be able to see you anyway once the frost builds up.' He looked down at his coat, its colors already disappearing under in a powdery film of blue snow, but there was no corresponding snow shadow anywhere nearby. 'Peri!' he called in alarm. 'Peri!'

The answer came from a concealed speaker on the TARDIS roof. 'I've double-locked the doors, Doctor, you can't get in.' The Doctor hissed with fury: she had never come out with him at all! 'Now stand back where I can see you,' she continued.

The Doctor irritably moved into the scanner eye's field of vision. 'You'll regret this, my girl,' he yelled, fighting out the words against the whistling squall.

'I don't think so, Doctor,' said Peri with a smirk the Doctor could only imagine. 'You see, I figure I'm in charge now, so there are going to be a few changes after you get back in here.'

'You can be sure of one thing when I do: I'm going to spank you every day for a month. And on your bare bottom too!'

Peri shuddered in spite of the control room's precisely regulated temperature. The Doctor had taken her panties down for a spanking soon after his regeneration, and once was more than enough. 'Well that's just it, Doctor,' she said. 'There's going to be no more spanking in the TARDIS, ever. You're not coming back inside until you give me your word of honor as a Time Lord.'

The Doctor did not respond. Peri watched the scanner screen ice over with blue frost, and squinted at the Doctor's snowy outline beyond. 'I'm waiting, Doctor,' she piped, but the storm was the only sound that came through the speakers in reply.

'There's no point being stubborn, Doctor,' she said after five tense minutes, a catch in her voice betraying her uncertainty. Had she gone too far? Was the Doctor really just standing firm against her, or had he slipped into frozen unconsciousness out there? How long could a Time Lord withstand subzero temperatures anyway? She reached out an invisible hand and dithered over the door control, then shrieked in surprise as another hand descended onto hers.

'That won't be necessary,' said the Doctor, grasping Peri firmly by the shoulder. He spun her bodily round. Relief and apprehension wrestled inside her, and an anxious curiosity jostled in as she faced him and saw the heavy goggles over his eyes. 'You didn't know the TARDIS had a back door, did you?'

Peri struggled for words. 'But... but... but how... ?'

The Doctor tapped the goggles with his free hand. 'My own application of the Kantrobar thermolucent process. I built them after my trip to the planet Spiridon in my third incarnation. They enable the wearer to see the heat emissions of objects which aren't on the visible spectrum.'

'So... so you can... see me now?' Peri gulped.

'I can see everything else as normal: the walls, the console, the hatstand, that Louis Quinze chair over there.' He gestured at each in turn. 'But I can only see you by the shadow of your body heat: green for the cooler extremities, up to red for the warmest parts of your body. But that's quite good enough for the time being. And you can rest assured there's another part of your body that's going to be turning red very soon!'

He grasped the nape of her neck, frogmarched her over to the chair and sat down, his colorful apparel making a vile contrast with its antique French elegance. Effortlessly he swept the invisible girl off her feet and across his lap. Peri watched the TARDIS floor swing up towards her face and felt the familiar pressure of his left hand on the small of her back, pushing her stomach down against bony knees. But this time the feeling was somehow different...

'I think we might say that you're self-prepared for this spanking,' said the Doctor with a jocularly Peri couldn't share. In a flash she realized with horror the consequences of her invisibility: she was lying naked over his knee, without even the ineffectual protection of her panties against the sting to come. After all her plotting and scheming to avoid this moment, Perpugilliam Brown was about to get her bare bottom spanked.

Peri steeled herself. The period of anticipation as she lay facedown over his knee awaiting the first slap can only have lasted seconds, but it seemed to go on for ever. She tried desperately to think of something, anything else, but her mind just kept coming back to the spanking she was about to receive. It couldn't be very much worse than any other she'd had since she came aboard the TARDIS, could it? There was usually a single layer of cotton or lycra spandex covering her bottom when the Doctor spanked her, but what protection did those thin panties actually give? No, it wasn't that a bare-bottom spanking would hurt very much more, it was the added humiliation.... She always hated having her skirt raised and her most intimate garment exposed to a man's view, but how much worse to have her panties taken down! She remembered her mortification the last time as she

felt the Doctor's finger hook into the waistband, how she felt as he drew her panties down her thighs and left them nestling in a crumpled mess of black fabric around her knees, the last vestige of her modesty gone. At least invisibility allowed her to keep that modesty: the Doctor couldn't actually see what he was about to spank, and she wasn't unwillingly showing off her underwear either!

All Peri's thoughts of making the best of it leached away as the Doctor's palm made noisy contact across her ample rear, skin to skin. 'Owwwww!' Her bottom wobbled at the impact, then tensed as she braced herself for the next. A second hearty slap landed squarely on target. 'Owwwww!' From here on all prospect of coherent thought was chased out by the pain in her other end, a sore bottom getting sorer by the second and a spanking that seemed it would never end. 'Owwwwwwwwww!'

'Well I never,' said the Doctor, pausing after the best part of fifty smacks. Peri's luminescent green outline vanished as he lifted his goggles and parked them atop his blond curls, but her red bottom was still there, round and bare, seemingly perching on his yellow-striped thigh without any obvious means of support. Experimentally, he gave it a pair of resounding slaps: the bottom quivered, Peri yelped, and pale handprints showed momentarily before the skin blushed a still deeper red. There was no doubt about it: the spanking had brought its target back to the visible spectrum!

'Are we done, Doctor?' asked Peri, with a little more irritation than was wise in the circumstances. The answer came in a fusillade of smacks that made her buck and yell again. Her bottom flinched and wriggled, as if trying to dance away from danger, but the Doctor's other hand held her all too securely in place. Finally the sound of slaps ceased and she felt herself being lifted off that powerful knee and set upright on her feet.

'And now, my girl, you'd better go and put some clothes on,' said the Doctor. 'That is, unless you want to go around showing the world your well-spanked bottom.'

Instinctively Peri looked down over her shoulder, and saw her own tush floating in the air, fiery red and all too visible. With a squeal, she clapped both hands down behind her, then yelped as they smacked onto her tender flesh. Realizing too late that she couldn't cover herself up with invisible hands, she retreated behind the console. 'But how?' she wailed.

‘The answer, young lady, is heat. I’d guess whatever it was you took to make you disappear went on when your body was very hot, and took effect as you cooled down. The spanking brought your bottom back up to the original temperature, so the invisibility wore off there.’

‘So all I need to do is wash it off with another hot bath,’ said Peri, who wasn’t now enjoying her see-through condition as much as she thought she would.

‘Well, something like that,’ said the Doctor. ‘I really can’t travel round the universe with only a pair of disembodied buttocks for company, now can I?’ Peri smiled an invisible smile. ‘And when you’re fully manifest again, we’ve a few things to discuss.’ The invisible smile vanished. ‘Including a certain kick you gave me. Don’t think you’ve heard the last of that.’

‘Doctor, I... I...’

‘I have a decision or two to make while you’re sorting yourself out. Will the palm of my hand be enough, I wonder? Should I get out Romana’s old hairbrush? Or maybe,’ he looked piercingly at where he judged Peri to be standing, ‘just maybe this is a case for the trusty old spanking machine...’

He smiled as he saw Peri’s red bottom dart hastily through the doors and float at top speed into the depths of the TARDIS.

Later, Peri checked herself in the mirror: all back to normal, thank goodness! She turned to the bottles on the bathroom shelf and selected her other market purchase of the day. Read the label properly, she said to herself. ‘Invulnerability guaranteed!’ it crowed. ‘Lasts 30 days! Apply in an infusion of warm water.’

‘Every day for a month, Doctor?’ she said. ‘Don’t you count on that!’ She tipped the correct dose into her used bath, stirred the liquid in, and then, turning to face away from the tub, began to lower her bottom gingerly into the water.